

VISIT...

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Caliente.COM

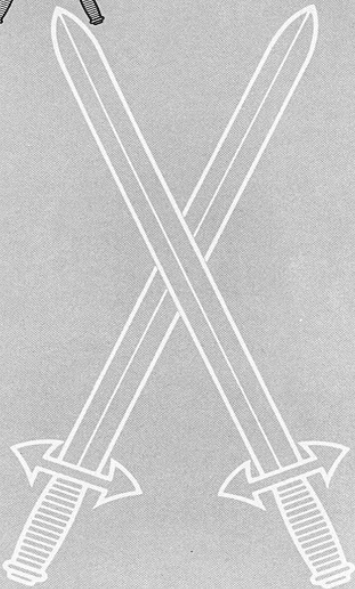
MARVEL
COMICS

SPECIAL EDITION

EXCALIBUR™



AIR
APPARENT



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THREE HOURS AGO, THE
ENTIRE FISHING VILLAGE
OF CARRIN'S HOLLOW
WAS DESTROYED.

THE MEN, WOMEN AND
CHILDREN MURDERED BY
A RAMPAGING ALIEN ANDROID.
THEY WERE THE LUCKY ONES.

THE "SURVIVORS"
WERE REDUCED TO BLOOD
OF NERVELESS PROTO-
PLASM BY THE SCIENTIST
WHO REANIMATED THE
AFORMENTIONED
ANDROID.

CHAPTER 1

OF COURSE.
ALL OF THIS IS
GUESS WORK.

THE DOCTOR
AND THE ANDROID
ARE ROAMING THE
SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE
JUST OUTSIDE OF
GLASGOW.

THEY'RE
OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE.

AND THEY MIGHT
BE THE LEAST OF
OUR PROBLEMS

LISTEN CLOSELY.

I ONLY HAVE
TIME TO GO OVER
THIS ONCE.

AS NEAR AS WE HERE
AT THE WEIRD HAPPEN-
INGS ORGANIZATION
CAN TELL...

-- THE MAN
RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL OF THIS IS
DOCTOR JONATHAN
CAYRE...

...A BRILLIANT BIO-
PHYSICIST, HE'S THE
PORTRAIT OF A
MAD SCIENTIST--

-- COMPLETE WITH
A DEBANGED LAB
ASSISTANT.

"NORM" IS A LIFE MODEL
DECOY, AN L.M.D. A ROBOT.

CAYRE ACQUIRED
THE L.M.D. WHEN THE
DOCTOR WAS WORKING
WITH MACHINEMITH
IN THE STATES.

YEARS AGO IN
AMERICA, CAYRE
WITNESSED A BATTLE
BETWEEN THOR AND A
GALACTUS HERALD
KNOWN AS THE
AIR-WALKER.

APPARENTLY
GALACTUS BUILDS
HIS ANDROIDS
TO LAST.

THE AIR-WALKER CAME
EQUIPPED WITH SELF-
REGENERATING
TECHNOLOGY.

CAYRE MANAGED TO
GET HIS HANDS ON THE
SMALLEST PIECE
OF ALIEN DEBRIS..

AND EVENTUALLY RE-CREATED THE AIR-WALKER, WHICH WAS SINCE GONE ON A RAMPAGE ALONE.

WHERE DOES THE PART ABOUT THE NERVE-LESS PROTOPLASM COME IN, BRIGADIER STEWART?

AS I MENTIONED, CAYNE'S FIELD OF STUDY IS GENETICS.

ACCORDING TO HIS NOTES, HE WAS TRYING TO APPLY GALACTIC SELF-REGENERATING TECHNOLOGY--

--TO HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BUT ISN'T THAT LIKE MIXING APPLES AND APPLES?

YOU MEAN 'APPLES AND ORANGES'.



HIS NOTES INDICATED HE EXPERIMENTED... ON HIMSELF.

HE WAS LESS THAN SUCCESSFUL.

CAYNE HAD BEEN DRIVEN COMPLETELY INSANE.

AND HIS SLIGHTEST TOUCH UNRAVELS A PERSON'S GENETIC STRUCTURE.

THEN EXCALIBUR WILL SPLIT UP!

HALF OF US WILL FIND THE ANDROID.



IF ONLY LIFE
WERE THAT SIMPLE,
CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

EXCALIBUR IS
AN INDEPENDENT
ORGANIZATION.

AS A FIELD
COMMANDER
OF W.H.O., I CAN'T
TELL YOU WHAT
TO DO.

BUT IF I
COULD...



... I'D ASK NIGHTCRAWLER
TO TRACK DOWN THE MISSING
W.H.O. BEFORE NORM CAN
TRIGGER HIS NUCLEAR
WARHEAD.

A WARHEAD?
NATURALICH.

SHADOWCAT WOULD BE
ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE
CAYRE'S UNDERGROUND
VAULT.

WHAT WOULD
I BE LOOK-
ING FOR?

CAYRE'S
PROTOTYPE OF
THE AIR-WALKER.

WE NEED SOME-
ONE WHO COULD ALTER
THEIR BODY CHEMISTRY
LONG ENOUGH TO
DESTROY CAYRE'S
LAB FROM WITHIN.

SOMEONE
NAMED
"MEGGAN"?

EXACTLY. SHIELD
LENT US THE HARDWARE
FOR THIS MISSION--IT'S
UP TO MEGG TO ENLIST
THE TALENT.

THEN THERE'S
THE DOCTOR HIM-
SELF. PHOENIX...?

I CAN'T WAIT TO
MEET WHAT'S
LEFT OF
THE MAN.

WHICH WOULD
LEAVE CAPTAIN
BRITAIN--

-- TO DISMANTLE
THE AIR-WALKER!

SINCE YOU'RE
TOO POLITE TO
ASK, THEN...





I SUPPOSE IT'S UP TO

EXCALIBUR

TO VOLUNTEER!

"AND IN ENGLAND'S
DARKEST HOURS..."

"...EXCALIBUR, HER
MIGHTY BLADE WILL
ONCE MORE BE
DRAWN."

I WASN'T
TALKING TO
YOU, PEEL!

BUT I AM WHEN
I SAY I WANT YOU TO
MONITOR THEIR
EVERY MOVE!

I WANT
UPDATES EVERY
FIVE MINUTES!

LOSE TRACK OF
THEM--YOU'VE
LOST YOUR JOB!

GOT IT,
MISTER?

PARDON,
PRIORITIES?

YES, SIR!
TRACKING
NOW...

CHAPTER 2

YOU HAVE COME
A LONG WAY FROM
THE CIRCUS, KURT
WAGNER.

THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN YOUR BIGGEST
CONCERN WAS SHARING
A DRESSING ROOM WITH
GILDA THE BEARDED
LADY.

OPERATIVE: NIGHTCRAWLER

ABILITY: TELEPORTER

LOCATION: GLASGOW
GALLERIA

OBJECTIVE: DISARMING
NORRIS, WARRIOR
DESIGNATED "NORM!"

YEARS LATER YOU'RE
PROWLING ABOUT A CROWDED
SHOPPING MALL IN GLASGOW IN
SEARCH OF A WALKING
NUCLEAR WARHEAD!

SUDDENLY, IT SEEMS PETTY
TO HAVE COMPLAINED ABOUT
HAIR IN THE SINK.





I MUST INSIST
YOU DISPENSE WITH
THE FIREARM.

YOU HAVE
REALIGNED
MY AIM!

THAT IS
ONE WAY OF
PUTTING IT.

WHAT IN
BLAZES?!

THEY'RE
CRAZY!

--OUTTA
HERE!

BUDDA BUDDA



I HAVE A
STATEMENT
I WOULD LIKE
TO MAKE.

THAT IS WHAT SNAPPY
FATTER DURING BATTLE
IS FOR.

YOU ARE NOT
STRONG ENOUGH TO
DEFEAT ME.

WHAT
MAKES YOU
SO SURE?



THIS.









WITH MY WIRING EXPOSED,
I CANNOT DISGUISE MY
APPEARANCE.

INTERNALLY INJURED
AS I AM, I CANNOT FIGHT
MY WAY TO SAFETY.

I REFUSE TO BE
CAPTURED.

THEREFORE I
HAVE ACTIVATED
MY NUCLEAR
WARHEAD.

IN THIRTY
SECONDS I WILL
BUILD TO CRITICAL
MASS.

TOK TOK TOK
TOK TOK TOK



JUST THOUGHT YOU'D
LIKE TO KNOW.



THIRTY
SECONDS ?



PLENTY
OF TIME.



WHERE'D
THEY GO ?

BAMF

WHAT'S
THAT
SMELL ?

WHERE'S
CAPTAIN
BRIT

DO THEY
HAVE "BLUE LIGHT
SPECIALS" IN
ENGLAND ?

BLUFFING
ABOUT THE
WARHEAD ?



IF THIS IS THE EXPLOSION
HE MADE UPON HIS WIRES
BEING EXPOSED TO THE WATER
IN THE FOUNTAIN--

--I CAN ONLY IMAGINE
WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPP-
PENED HAD HE ACHIEVED
CRITICAL MASS--

RIGHT
THEN!

WAY
TO GO,
"CRAWLER"!

THANK
HEAVEN FOR
EXCALIBUR!

PHOENIX'S
PHONE NUM

LOVE
YA
FUZZY!

THESE LIFE AND
DEATH BATTLES HAVE
A WAY--

--OF PUTTING
THE REST OF LIFE
IN PERSPECTIVE.

WHILE
I'M HERE...
I SHOULD PICK UP A
BOX OF RAZORS AND
SEND THEM TO GILDA.

KOREEART!

OH, LIKE
I'M ENJOYING
THIS?

YOU SNICK
UP ON ME, YOU
DEMENTED MR.
COFFEE!

FRYING ELECTRICAL
CIRCUITS IS A NATURAL
EXTENSION OF MY UNNATURAL
ABILITY TO PUNGE THROUGH
SOLID OBJECTS!

IS IT MY
FAULT IT
HURTS?

OPERATIVE: SHADOWCAT.

ABILITY: PHASING POWER.

LOCATION: VAULT, ONE MILE
BELOW CAYNE'S HOME.

OBJECTIVE: LOCATE AND
DESTROY PROTOTYPE.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE LITTLE GIRL FROM DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS! IT TOOK ALL OF TWELVE SECONDS TO ACHIEVE MY OBJECTIVE.



WHEN THEY SAID CAYRE WAS A GENIUS, THEY WEREN'T JUST BEING POLITE!



MAYBE I CAN AT LEAST FIND "X".



--CARRY THE THREE--



FACE IT, PRYDE.



YOU HAVEN'T...





YOU'VE GOT THIS SELF-REGENERATIVE BIT DOWN TO A SCIENCE, NO?

KREEEAAAK!

YOU SAID "KREEEAAK" EARLIER.

IS IT THE ONLY WORD YOU KNOW OR THE ONLY ONE YOU NEED?



SORT OF LIKE "ALOHA"?

IT CAN MEAN "HELLO"...

...THE TIDE IS IN...

...OR, "I'M GOING TO EVISCERATE YOU!"

INCREDIBLE! IN ORDER TO REGENERATE, HE MUST INSTANTLY ADAPT TO ALL INPUT.

LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S ABSORBING THE COMPUTER'S CIRCUITS!



HATE TO ANALYZE AND RUN...

...BUT I'M TAKING THE KITTY PRYDE EXPRESS--

--STRAIGHT DOWN!



KRRREEEAK!

HE'S PHASING
AFTER ME --
THROUGH SOLID
ROCK!

CAN'T
A GIRL GET A
LITTLE PRIVACY
AROUND HERE?



YOU DON'T HAPPEN
TO HAVE AN "OFF"
SWITCH, DO YOU?

KRRREEEAK!

NO? HOW
ABOUT AN OWNER'S
MANUAL?

THAT WAS CLOSE!
PHASED AS I AM, HE
CAN'T HURT ME -- BUT
WHY TAKE CHANCES?



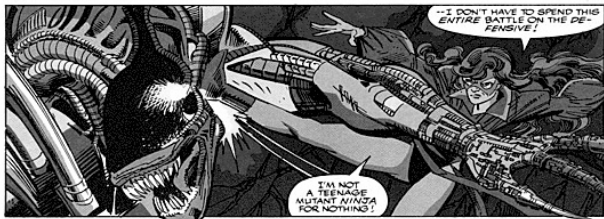
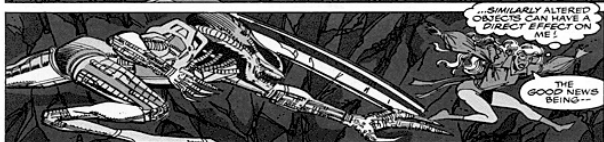
I
GUESS THIS IS A
STALEMATE.

SO LONG AS
WE'RE BOTH PHASED,
THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN --

SHKREAKKIT!

WHA--?!

YOU
CUT
ME?!



KREEAKT!

IS IT HOT
IN HERE, OR
IS IT ME?

ACTUALLY,
IT IS HOT IN
HERE!

AND THERE'S
THE REASON—AN
UNDERGROUND
CAVERN UP
AHEAD, EG...
JUST BELOW.

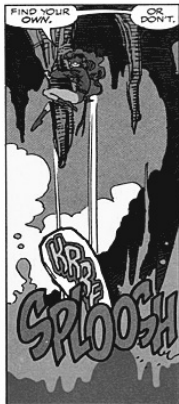
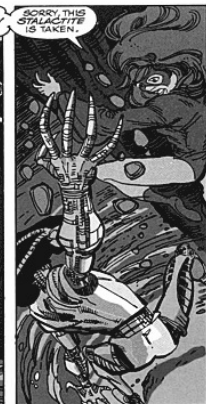
JUDGING FROM
THE HEAT AND
NOISE, IT MUST
BE A
SUBTERRANEAN
RIVER OF
MOLTEN LAVA.

THAT, OR A
HOPELESSLY
LOST
A-TRAIN.

RIGHT
THE FIRST
TIME!

MY SHADOW
HERE HAS BEEN
APING MY EVERY
MOVE.

LET'S HOPE
HE FOLLOWS
ME INTO MY
TANGLE STATE!



CHAPTER 4

THE W.M.O. PEOPLE
SAID "BY ASSUMING THE
ATTRIBUTES OF A
COBRA--"

"--A REPTILE'S VENOM-
GENERATING PHYSIOLOGY
SHOULD ACT AS A
DETERRENT--"

"...TO ANY
BIOLOGY-ALTERING
PARTICLES STILL
ACTIVE IN THE LAB."

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS.

BUT I
HOPE IT
WORKS.

OPERATIVE: MEGGAN.

ABILITY: CLOSEST
DESIGNATION--METAMORPH?

LOCATION: DR. CAYNE'S
LABORATORY, CRAIN'S
HOLLOW.

OBJECTIVE: THE
DESTRUCTION OF ALL
SOFT/HARDWARE
PERTAINING TO
GALACTUS' PIATED
TECHNOLOGY.





WARNING! MEGGAN
IS ENGAGED IN
EVASIVE ACTION!

TELL ME
SOMETHING I
DON'T KNOW.

THERE IS NOT ENOUGH TIME
TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING
YOU DON'T KNOW.

COMPUTER, PLEASE.
LESS SCATTACK AND MORE
ASSISTANCE!

PHUM
PHUM
PHUM
PHUM

WARNING! MEGGAN
IS ASTRIDE YOUR
SHOULDER--

COMPUTER...?

SHUT UP?

LISTEN,
MR.--?

COLDBLOOD.

--MR. COLDBLOOD,
MY BOYFRIEND IS
REALLY REALLY
RICH.

IF I PROMISE TO
GET HIM TO PAY YOU
MORE MONEY THAN
THESE OTHER PEOPLE--

--WOULD YOU
HELP ME DESTROY
ALL THE NOTES?

YOU'RE KIDDING,
RIGHT?

I MAY BE NEW
TO THIS CYBORG-FOR-
HIRE VOCATION--

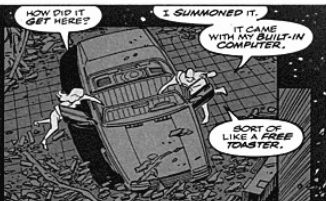
--BUT I'M SURE
THAT'S ONE WAY TO
GET KICKED OUT OF
THE PROFESSIONAL
MERCENARY'S
GUILD.

UNH!

QUERY? DID YOU MEAN
TO USE EXCESSIVE
FORCE?







CHAPTER 5

OPERATIVE: PHOENIX.

ABILITY: CELESTIAL AVATAR.

LOCATION: CLOVER'S PUB,
CLOVER CORNER. TWELVE
MILES UP COAST OF
CRAIN'S HOLLOW.

OBJECTIVE: APPREHEND
DR. JONATHAN CAYRE...

THE THREE OF YOU
WHO KNOW HOW TO READ
A NEWSPAPER MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME AS A MEMBER
OF EXCALIBUR.

THE REST OF
YOU WILL HAVE TO
TAKE IT ON FAITH
WHEN I SAY YOU
DON'T WANT TO
ANNOY ME.

NOW, I'LL
ASK YOU
AGAIN.

WHERE IS
DR. CAYRE?

WOTS THAT--
YER LOOKIN' T' PLAY
"DOCTOR"? I'M
YER MAN!

NO--SHE'D BE
NEEDIN' A STRAPPIN'
YOUNG BUCK LIKE
MESELF!

PICK ME!
PICK ME!





HELLO,
PHOENIX.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE
MY APPEARANCE. IT SEEMS I'M
NOT HALF THE MAN I ONCE
WAS.

MAYBE I'M MORE.
MAYBE I'M LESS.

MAYBE LESS
IS MORE-- MORE
OR LESS!

WHO KNEW
GALACTUS'
SELF-REGENERATING
TECHNOLOGY WASN'T
COMPATIBLE WITH
HUMAN PHYSIOLO-
GY?

LIVE
AND LEARN, I
SUPPOSE.

EVERYONE OUT-- NOW!

THEY WERE ONLY
PROTECTING ME OUT
OF FEAR.

THE SAME EXPERIMENT
THAT KILLED ME, AUTOMATI-
CALLY RESURRECTED
ME.

ONLY TO
KILL ME
AGAIN.

ONLY TO
RESURRECT
ME, AGAIN.

ONLY TO KILL ME
AND RESURRECT ME AND
KILL ME AND--

YOU GET
THE IDEA.

AS IN-TOUCH AS I
AM WITH MYSELF, I HAVE
COMPLETE CONTROL OVER
MY OWN MOLECULES!

LET ME
DEMONSTRATE.

FWOP



THE RESIDUE FROM
YOUR HANDS -- IT'S
TURNING EVERYONE
INTO... GOD!

HELP US!

YIEE!

EYYEARSH!



YOU KILLED ALL THOSE
PEOPLE -- JUST AS YOU
DID IN CARRIN'S
HOLLOW!

"KILL" IS SUCH
A JUDGMENTAL
TERM.

I PREFER TO THINK OF IT
AS HAVING HELPED THEM
ACHIEVE A HIGHER STATE
OF CONSCIOUSNESS.



IF YOU'D LEARN
TO LET YOUR
GUARD DOWN--

--I'M SURE
YOU'D ENJOY
IT!



CAN YOU FEEL IT,
PHOENIX? I'M EATING
RIGHT THROUGH YOUR
"TELEKINETIC FORCE"
FIELD!

IT MAKES SENSE
IN A FREAKED-OUT
SORT OF WAY! I
GALACTUS' POWER
IS PARA-COSMIC.

EVEN THIS
WATERED-DOWN,
HOME-MADE
FRACTION OF
HIS EXIENCE CAN
AFFECT ME!







BUT GLASS...?

GLASS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER!

A WASTE OF TIME! EVEN IF THE GLASS SHARDS KILL ME—I'LL ONLY RESURRECT MYSELF!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT KILLING YOU?



I'M USING THE PHOENIX POWER TO FORGE IT ALL INTO AN AIRTIGHT CHRYSALIS.

BUT, I C-CAN'T BREATHE! I'LL...



DIE... AND RESURRECT.

AND DIE... AND RESURRECT.

BUT AT LEAST ALL YOUR MOLECULES ARE IN ONE PLACE.



WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL, THESE W.N.O. TECHS MIGHT BE ABLE TO CURE YOU SOMEDAY.

AND SOMEDAY AFTER THAT--YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FORGIVE YOURSELF FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE.

I KNOW I NEVER WILL.

CHAPTER 6

"ALL RIGHT, AIR-WALKER--
STOP WHERE YOU ARE!"

UMMM, "CEASE
AND DESIST, YOU
MECHANICAL
MONSTROSITY!"

NO, NO SENSE
INSULTING THE
FELLOW.

"THIS IS GOING
TO HURT YOU MORE
THAN--"

TOO CLICHÉ.

HOW DO I
START THIS
OFF?

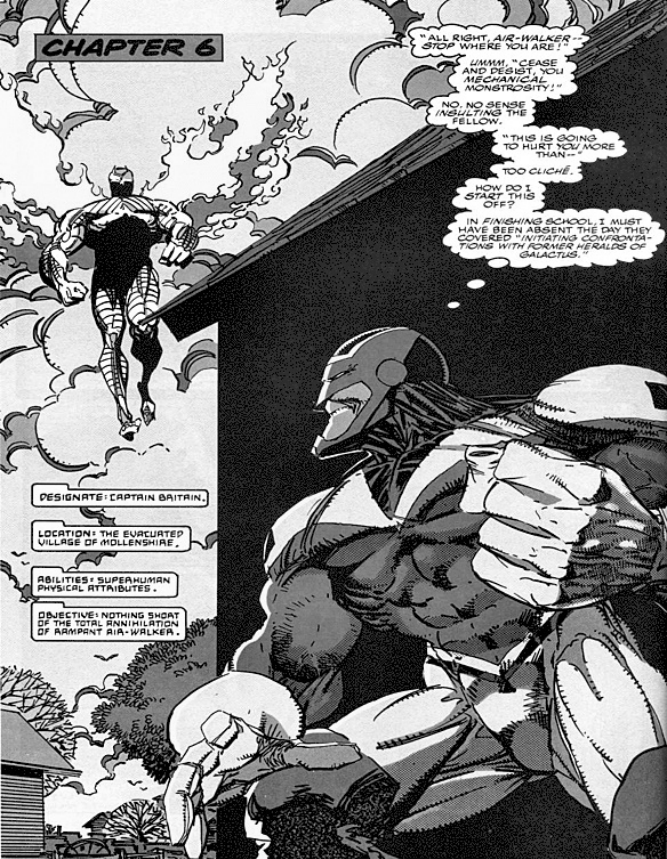
IN FINISHING SCHOOL I MUST
HAVE BEEN ABSENT THE DAY THEY
COVERED "INITIATING CONFRONTA-
TIONS WITH FORMER HERALDS OF
GALACTUS."

DESIGNATE: CAPTAIN BAITAIN.

LOCATION: THE EVACUATED
VILLAGE OF MOLLENSHIRE.

ABILITIES: SUPERHUMAN
PHYSICAL ATTIBUTES.

OBJECTIVE: NOTHING SHORT
OF THE TOTAL ANNIHILATION
OF AMPANT AIR-WALKER.





STAND FORTH,
HUMAN!

IT IS
SENSELESS TO
CONCEAL YOURSELF
FROM ONE POS-
SESSED OF THE
POWER COSMIC!

ON EVERY
CIVILIZED WORLD
THROUGHOUT THE
TRACKLESS VOID
OF SPACE--

--COWERING IS
CONSIDERED AN
UNMANLY ACT!



SHALL WE
GET THIS OVER
WITH?

I HAVE
A WORLD TO
CONQUER.

I WAS
HARDLY
COWERING!

I WAS...
...PLANNING!

NOT
THIS WORLD.
AIR-WALKER!

NOT IN THIS
LIFETIME!

AS I
SUSPECTED.

NO MERE HUMAN
CAN PENETRATE MY
BARRIER OF POLLUT-
ANTS AND INERT
GASES.

TWICE
BEFORE HAVE
I WALKED THE
EARTH--

!!LIGHTNMPH!!

LIKE
HITTING A
STONE WALL!

BWAAAAH

--AND AS MANY TIMES
HAS THE GEMBLANCE
OF LIFE BEEN STRIPPED
FROM THIS IMMORTAL
COIL!

IT SHALL
NOT HAPPEN
AGAIN.

NOT FROM

LACK OF

TRYING

BA-CHOOM



GREAT STRATEGY—
WISH I COULD TAKE
CREDIT FOR IT! I
"LUCKED OUT!"

PERFECT!

I CAME UP
UNDERNEATH
YOUR
BARRIER!

ARGH!!
YOU SHALL
PAY FOR THIS
EFFRONTERY,
HUMAN!

ONLY
A COWARD
WOULD STRIKE
FROM BEHIND!

A COWARD, OR A
MERE MORTAL, WHO
REALIZES HE'S TO-
TALLY OUTCLASSED!

NOW TO
PRESS MY
ADVANTAGE!

MY SELF-
REGENERATION
WAS
COMPLETE--

--DOWN TO THE
FIRE-CLANK THAT
ACTS AS A COSMIC
COLLECTOR!

HE HALTED
IN MID-AIR!
THERE'S NO
TIME TO--

SURELY
YOU JEST!

YOU HAVE NO
"ADVANTAGE"!

--STOP!

--WINNISH!

ONCE I HAVE
CAUGHT THE LIFE
FROM YOU--YOUR
SKIN WILL SERVE
ME WELL!

THEN I SHALL
CLAIM THIS PLANET
IN HIS NAME--AND
AWAIT THE RETURN
OF MY SACRED
LIEGE!

WHOOMP



JUST AS I
THEORIZED--

--THE
EXPLOSION
TOOK PLACE
ON A
COSMIC
LEVEL...

...WHILE THE
MINUTTA
WAS UN-
AFFECTED.

PERFECTLY
SOUND
SCIENTIFIC
THEORY.

I JUST CAN'T
BELIEVE--

--IT ACTUALLY
WORKED.

CHAPTER 7

MEANWHILE...

...IN EXCALIBUR'S
LIGHTHOUSE...

...KITTY'S FAITHFUL DRAGON
LOCKNEED STANDS EVER
VIGILANT.

KBUMP

SHHH!

MMMMMM??





DO YOU HAVE
THE SONIC LOCK-
PICK?!

YES, OF COURSE!

ABSOLUTELY.

POS...

...ITIVE...

...LY.

PROBABLY.

MORE THAN
LIKELY.

IT'S HERE...

SCH-NK

...SOMEWHERE?

CCCCRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEAIIIIIIIIIAAKKKKK

SSS--

--GGTTT--

--GGTTTTT--

--ST-ST--

--STYMAN?

IT MUST BE...
AUTOMATED?

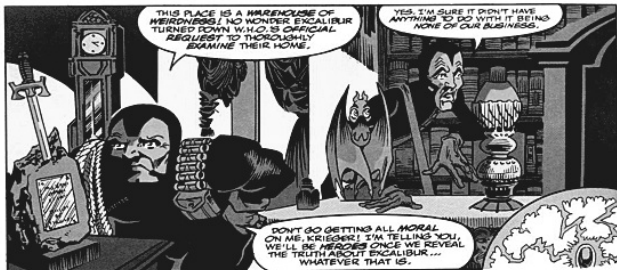
AT LEAST IT'S
OPENED.

AT
LEAST.

KRIEGER! GET
BACK HERE, YOU
MORON!

I'M NOT
A MORON!

I'M A
CONARD!



CHOMP







EXPLAIN
THAT?

P-P-P-P-PERFECTLY
R-R-R-R-REASONABLE
EXP-P-P-P-LANATION...

YES?





EXCALIBUR™

IN **AIR
APPARENT**

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THE
COMIC
RACK

